THE DEMOCRAT

CELINA - - - OHIO.

OIL FUEL IN STEEL PLANTS.

Geologists and other experts differ as to the period that must elapse before the coal fields now actively mining will show signs of exhaustion. Vast areas of coal deposits exist in Alaska, China and elsewhere which remain untouched, but approximately 400 years is the lowest calculation of the time required to consume the coal deposits of America and England at the present rate of consumption. In the meantime vast changes in the production of power for manufacturing purposes are certain to take place. Streams in all parts of the world will be utilized for generating electricity, says Philadelphia Press. Problems relating to the transmission of the current over long distances with a minimum leakage are engaging the attention of electrical engineers. A solution will surely be forthcoming. A century hence the smoke nuisance in cities may not be understood, for the simple reason that all power used in factories and heat for domestic purposes are likely to be supplied by water-generated electricity. The production of coal has already become so expensive that experiments in the use of oil as fuel in steamships and war vessels have made considerable progress. Relative success appears to have attended these trials.

The diamond is pure carbon and the hardest substance in nature. It burns in a temperature of 800 centigrade, producing carbonic acid. All diamonds are not equally hard, and there is sometimes a varying degree of hardness in different parts of a large diamond. Some diamonds glow in a dark room; some are florescent, appearing milky in sunlight. Diamonds are of many colors—pure white, yellow, jet black, dark brown, light cinnamon, green, blue, pink, and orange, the diamonds of each mine having a distinctive character. An expert can usually tell the mine by examining the stone. Most of the diamonds of today come from the famous Kimberley and De Beers mines, in South Africa.

The battleship Orion, which Great Britain launched the other day, is 4,000 tons smaller than the cruiser Lion launched a few days before, and is slower; but she will throw a weight of shot and will carry an array of torpedoes that will render her more dangerous in a standup fight. The Orion is declared to be the most powerful battleship afloat. But how long will she be? Only one sure thing can be predicted of the Orion; and that is, in a few years she will be on the scrap-heap and still more powerful fighters will be carrying the flag in her place. There is no end to the race in building battleships.

Moissant, who, with his mechanician weighing 182 pounds, made an aeroplant flight near the English channel, is a native of Chicago, but he found that burg too slow for him, took in a few Central American revolutions and then beat the French at their own game of sensational flying. He has the real spirit of Yankee Doodle.

A Chicago professor elucidates the theory that the small flat breeds the bad boy. We were under the impression that the main indictment was that it does not breed them at all, good or bad. Also it may be reflected that bad boys were known in abundance before small flats were dreamed of.

A New York judge has suggested that a woman attorney, like her masculine colleague, should take off her hat when addressing the court. Perhaps this will be met by the excuse that a busy woman attorney has no time to tidy her hair—and that she looks much better in a hat, anyway.

As barefoot dancing has been introduced at Newport by a fashionable dancer, and the chief of police has ordered his own arrest, that resort is at present challenging New Jersey for the championship in unusual happenings.

New York, the craziest city in the world, chews more gum things than any other city according to recent statistics. Does gum-chewing go from hand to mouth, and from mouth to brain?

King Manuel of Portugal has been forced to hide in the mountains for the purpose of keeping out of the way of the Portuguese revolutionists. It seems a shame to spoil the summer of an absolutely inoffensive young king in that way.

Somebody has invented a bicycle to run on the tops of fences. The mechanism will at once appeal to many as distinctly superior to the aeroplane.

London shopkeepers are said to be very much shocked at the extravagance of American women who pay $25 a pair for stockings. But it is to be noted that they are not so shocked but what they are able to take the money.

A Gotham bride who slapped her husband's face because he bought her a horse and buggy instead of an automobile wants to be up-to-date or nothing.

THE NO PLAYS OF JAPAN

By Fusshima Oyama

THE "No," or mask play, is not the creation of one time or one age; it has an old history, since it was born like a mystery from the national impulse and love of literature and legends from our almost blind belief in Buddhism and ghosts, which was encouraged first in the feudal age by the Ashikaga lords from the fourteenth century down to the close of the sixteenth century. It was in those days that we formed the national epics or poems—that is to say, the "No" plays; it was the first time and last in the history of Japanese literature to have the various traditions and legends, the certain Buddhistic faith and imagination (those things hopelessly neglected by the aristocratic literature of the Kyoto court in the former age), dressed in pure literature. I said it was the last, because the novels and dramas that were sent out later on in the Tokugaya age were not, in a large measure, new attempts from those of the Ashikaga ages, but only an emphasis. Yoshimitsu, the third lord of the Ashikaga government, the propagandist of the tea ceremonies and refined arts, may be said to have been the first encourager of the "No;" and at the time Yoshimasa, the eighth lord, it had been roughly completed as we have it today. In due time, Ashikaga's power declined, and the most wonderful war god arose on the horizon in the person of Hideyoshi, the Napoleon of Japan, who, on the other hand, was no small patron of art and literature. The "No" was not left in oblivion in his time, but many new pieces were added to the already great number of the repertory, and alterations were made in those already in practise. When the times came down to the Tokugawa feudal era of the seventeenth century, the period of peace and prosperity, it had become the most important factor of the nation's life. To recite lines from the "No," and to act on the stage if possible, was regarded to be one of a gentleman's accomplishments; the "No" play in contrast to the common theater held the most dignified, noble place of entertainment. And so it is today. It was thought even sacred and it began to assume the most necessary role at a wedding ceremony. With the singing of a passage from "Takasago" your wedlock will be sealed!

"Takasago," the happy play celebrating constancy, endurance, health and longevity, is represented by an old man and an old woman busy in the work of raking up pine needles under the pine trees. The passage says:

"True it is that these pine trees shed not all their leaves, their verdure remains fresh for ages long; even among evergreen trees—the emblems of unchangeableness—exalted is their fame to the end of time—the fame of the two pine trees that have grown old together." What are these two pine trees? Who are the old man and woman? The ghosts of the trees are nothing but the old man and woman singing the age of golden and happy life. Oh, pine trees of the color of eternity and life, you are the symbol of peace and joy. Among some 300 repertories now in existence there is no other like "The Robe of Feathers" that will gracefully carry the delicate statuesque beauty of composition and sentiment. It is the play of a fairy whose feather robe was stolen by a fisherman on Mio's pine-clad shore, while she was bathing, and upon her promise to dance was given back finally. Not to go to extreme even in sadness is taught in Japan to be the height of cultured manners; here we have every Oriental beauty and lamentation in this fairy who could not fly back to the sky, and sang:

Vainly my glance doth seek the heavenly plain,
Where rising vapours all the air enshroud,
And veil the well-known paths from cloud to cloud.

And she promised that she would dance the dance that makes the Palace of the moon turn round, and would leave her dance behind us a token to mortal men, if her robe should be restored her. However, the fisherman doubted that she might hurry home to heaven without dancing at all; then the fairy said:

"Fie on thee! The pledge of mortals may be doubted, but in heavenly beings there is no falsehood."

As I said, the "No" is the creation of the age when by the virtue of sutra, or Buddha's holy name, any straying ghosts or spirits in Hades were believed to enter Nirvana. There is no wonder that most of the plays have to deal with those ghosts and Buddhism. Here we have one play, called "Morning Glory;" the flower cannot enter Nirvana on account of her short life of only one morning and of her jealousies that burn on seeing the other flowers who enjoy a longer life. However, her ghost will disappear with satisfaction when the monk gives her a sermon that eternity is nothing but a moment, and to live in a moment is to live in the ages. The "No's" ghostliness and poetical imagination reach the climax in the play of "Yamauba," or the Mountain-woman, whose author is said to be Ikkyu, the famous priest. What does it represent? It is the play of a dancer called Yamauba, who strayed into a mountain, and actually saw the mountain-woman's mountain wandering. Our life is a sort of mountain where we wander; the mountain-woman is a symbol of transmigration of soul and endlessness. And the dancer, Yamauba, is the incarnation of the ghost of the mountain-woman, who dances and wanders with her own real soul in the mountain. Such a symbolic play, I think, could be very well adapted to the western stage. Who wrote those "No" plays, you ask? The names of the authors are forgotten ages ago, because they were written in the time when we never asked who wrote them if the plays themselves were good.

PHILIPPINE WITCHCRAFT

That a firm belief in witchcraft persists in some parts of Pampanga province is the purport of a communication received in Manila from an investigator, who has investigated the claims of Filipinos that they were being afflicted with various bodily ills by persons who are called Magcalums, according to the Manila Times. While the educated inhabitants scoff at the belief, it was found to be widespread throughout the towns as well as in the agricultural sections far from large centers of population. Extracts from the communication follows: "The belief is an old one, probably coexistent with the tribes. It is not confined to one or two towns, but exists to a greater or less degree in all, though the idea probably is having a greater hold upon the people Lubao, Macabebe and Pasantol than any of the other municipalities.

"The belief is that a person who has this power can create illness in another, provided the other is a believer in Magcalums. A careful and extended search has failed to produce a single Pampangan who impressed investigator as being entirely free from the idea that people might have this power. Many laugh at the mention of such a power and in a general way say that they do not consider it possible, yet references to specific cases will usually elicit the fact that they can ascribe no other cause to certain effects.

"It would seem that the tender spot of these near divinities is the neck of the intended victim, the Magcalums causing an enlargement of that part of the body. Sometimes the infliction is related to a specific event. For instance, in Arayat a woman once told a prospective purchaser that she had no eggs, which the customer found out to be false. Later it was said that a chicken grew inside the stomach of the woman. Another account is of a Magcalum who was bound and an attempt made to burn holes in her face. The instruments made no impression upon her, but the marks of burns appeared upon the face of the woman who had instigated the maltreatment."

The Trust Evil.

Blox—Snipley claims to be a trust victim.

Knox—Guess that's right. A trust closed the factory in which his wife had a job.

Not Guilty.

The Barber—Your hair is getting thin, sir. Have you ever tried my special hair tonic?

The Victim—No, indeed. That wasn't what caused it.

All Puffed Up.

"He seems to feel his importance immensely."

Yes; he has been paged here in the hotel three times this forenoon."

With a Fine Bloom On.

Abe—Went to one of them there roof gardens when I was in Noo York.

Hiram—What do they raise on 'em, Abe?

Abe—Peaches, by gosh.

Not Always True.

"'A stitch in time saves nine,'" repeated the student of old sayings.

"It doesn't always save nine," objected the man with a hole in his pocket, "I lost only $8.50."

Merely a Name.

"And are you really going to retire from the stage?" we asked.

"Oh, no," replied the great actress. "This is merely a farewell tour."

Oldest People in the World

One of the most interesting expositions of the year is the Japanese-British exposition being held at Shepherd's Bush, near London. Japanese landscape gardeners have turned large tracts into flower gardens dotted with quaint Japanese houses, and there is a magnificent exhibit of the arts, crafts and industries of Japan. A party of Ainus, the people often called the oldest race in the world, who live in the northern part of Japan, is attracting much attention. There are but few of them left, though at one time they doubtless held a great part of Japan. It is thought that they will soon be extinct. It will be noticed that their faces bear but little resemblance to those of the Japanese. The Ainus are sometimes compared to the American Indians, both having held full sway over a country for centuries, only to be driven into a small part of their former territory by a stronger and progressive race. The stronger and victorious races have often been unjust, oppressive and murderous in spirit and action, as the white man was against the red man here. Strange to say, the aborigines of almost all lands, when they are crowded back by the stronger arm, die almost as rapidly from civilization as from the bullet, like wild animals that pine and die when confined within pens.—Christian Herald.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Uncle Sam Is Loser in Cash Account

WASHINGTON.—One of the mighty few instances on record of the United States having been "done" in its cash accounts came to light at the treasury department the other day in a decision handed down by the controller of the treasury. In this particular instance the government is short more than $4,000 and has no way of helping itself. It became a victim through the carelessness of its own officers, and the victimization, too, was not criminal in its nature.

Prior to 1879 the late Samuel J. Little of Georgetown owned four certificates of 6 per cent. stock of the old corporation of Georgetown. Upon his death he left a life interest in the stock to his sister, Mrs. Eliza A. Ricketts, and the residue to his minor children, J. C. Little and Julia A. Little. In the settlement of the case before the probate court the actual possession of the four certificates of stock was passed to Mrs. Ricketts, so that she might collect from the treasurer, from time to time, the interest due her.

Shortly after this United States Treasurer Gilfillan issued a circular calling upon all holders of Georgetown corporation stock, which was one of the old forms of obligation by the District of Columbia, to present the certificates for redemption. Mr. Ricketts took the four certificates to the treasurer's office, indorsed "I hereby assign the within certificates to the treasurer of the United States for redemption, on account of Eliza A. Ricketts."

The treasurer refused redemption upon this indorsement. Mrs. Ricketts then asked the first auditor of the treasury, as he was known in those days, to approve the indorsement, but he refused. She appealed to the office of the then first controller of the treasury and obtained the desired approval.

Accordingly the treasurer paid Mrs. Ricketts $4,012 principal and $9.23 interest.

In 1894 Julia A. Burnell, formerly Julia A. Little, the daughter of Samuel J. Little, made claim for the $4,021.23, alleging that it had been erroneously paid to Mrs. Ricketts, who had a life interest only. The claim was disallowed by the treasury. Mrs. Burnell and her husband then entered suit for the amount before the court of claims. A year ago they obtained judgment for the amount, and in the deficiency act of June 25, 1910, appropriation was made to pay this claim, along with others.

Mrs. Burnell has been fighting for sixteen years to secure the money she thought was hers and is just now coming into her own, while the government is out over $4,000.

Hall of Fame Statuary Not Artistic

THERE is a determined effort being made in Washington to have old Representative hall in the capitol cleaned out. This is the room now known as the Hall of Horrors to those who have seen the statuary in it, but which is aristocratically titled the Hall of Fame.

This hall is almost circular. It has a tiled floor, many pillars and a low gallery all across one end. It is also known as the "whispering hall," for the reason that standing on certain blocks of the tiling your voice comes to you from the floor on other blocks, over your shoulder into your ear on other blocks, from the winged-victory clock that faces you, and there are many other blocks which give forth strange echoes when you stand upon them. No one has ever been able to tell why these echoes are or why other tiles give forth nothing at all. They just do it; that is all there is of it.

There are a lot of statues that are freaks from way back. There is only one piece of really good sculpture in the whole bunch of some 35 or 40, and that is Father Marquette, which was presented by Wisconsin. It is an exquisite piece of work. The rest of the statues are practical caricatures. There is one of Fulton, who is seated in a chair with a piece of machinery in his hand. He lops all over the chair, his legs are sprawled in all sorts of ways, and it is about as woebegone a piece of marble as can well be imagined. There is a marble of Webster, whom everybody knows was not a large man, but the statue makes him a regular giant. There is a statue of John J. Ingalls, the only one as yet sent by Kansas, and excepting that it is like a line, has neither breadth nor thickness, which was a good description of Ingalls. It is the limit for ugliness. There is a statue of Frances Willard in a basque and ill-hanging dress, which bears not the slightest resemblance to that dainty, sweet-faced woman. There is a statue of Phil Kearny in bronze, which is very pretty to look at, but has very little artistic merit, and there is one of Shoup, of Idaho, which looks as though it might have been sandpapered out of a piece of marble. And then there is Washington, a dapper little darling with sloping brow, as fashioned by Houdon.

The Washington newspapers some time ago began a crusade to have the law placing statutes in Statuary hall by the states repealed. It is to be repealed on the ground that the hall is already jammed to overflowing, and if any more statuary is presented it will be necessary to make a second and inner row.

Much-Read Social Science Bulletins

WHETHER the high price of food is causing the public to take an uncommonly keen interest in domestic problems now, or whether the cause is something else, the officials of the Department of Agriculture do not undertake to say. The fact remains that there has been a greater run up to date on the so-called "social science" series of bulletins than on any other pamphlets the department has ever produced.

Up to the present there has been a total of 16,672,000 bulletins distributed. Some now out of print have been applied for so often that it is probable the estimates for next year will include provision for reprinting.

This government is the only one in the world that has gone into the business of printing cook books. It was stated, when the Department of Agriculture recently issued the book on the use of cheap cuts of meat, that it was the first government cook book ever printed.

This was not altogether so. It is true that it was the nearest approach to a real cook book, but the department has printed all sorts of receipts.

The social science series has been running for more than a decade, and has, incidentally, taken in various domestic problems in the food line under the head of "Nutrition Investigations." The earliest of these was one on the composition and cooking of meats, issued nearly 14 years ago. Of this there has been something over half a million copies distributed.

But the most popular of all the bulletins was the recent one on "The Economical Use of Meat in the Home." This has been out only a few months, and there have already been distributed 1,200,000. Calls are still coming in rapidly.

The series comprises books on all sorts of subjects—the preserving of fruits and vegetables, fish as food, the care of milk in the home, the value of peas, beans and legumes in general as food, the cooking of vegetables, and more than a dozen other subjects.

Postal Thieves Comparatively Few

THE Postoffice Department daily receives hundreds of complaints caused by the losses of packages and money. Mails are easy to rob, but few postal thieves ever escape final detection; they are sure to be entrapped and punished in the end. While speaking of these numerous complaints, an old detective, called inspector, of the Postoffice Department said: "No thief is harder to catch than the one who robs Uncle Sam's mail. The methods of such thieves are ingenious, the plunder is easily hidden or destroyed, and their rascality is well masked by the honesty and integrity of associates.

"Postoffice thieves are not arrested every day, although valuable letters and other articles are stolen almost daily and an army of shrewd inspectors are on the alert. Positive proof of guilt must be in the possession of the inspector before an arrest is made. Circumstantial evidence does not go at any time with us. It is an established rule that the evidence must be positive and direct. In almost every case an arrest means conviction.

"A postoffice employee never knows when he is being shadowed. Even when not under suspicion of theft he may be watched outside of business hours to see if he is spending more money than his salary will permit. It sometimes happens that an inspector may not be able to prove a man a thief, and the fellow is turned loose with a verdict of 'not guilty' as his certificate of honesty, but he is not wanted by the department any more.

"From one point of view it is wonderful that there are so few thieves among the many thousands of clerks who handle the mails first and last, for great temptations surround them, as they handle millions of valuable parcels. It is known that these clerks soon learn to tell by the very touch of a letter whether it contains money. If so inclined it would be an easy matter for the dishonest clerk to slip letters into his pocket and open them in the privacy of his room. That the cases of dishonesty are comparatively few is a high tribute to the moral qualities of the postoffice clerks.

"There are but two successful ways to catch a postoffice thief—constant watch and decoy letters. With these, and a large supply of patience, the game will be landed, though it often requires months, and sometimes years. It is one of the most annoying and difficult lines of detective work, and requires the most earnest application. Not a single circumstance or detail must be overlooked."

MASTER OF FRANCE

Unknown Who Has Become the Republic's Star.

Briand, Now Prime Minister, Is Only Forty-six, and Was Not Even a Congressman 10 Years Ago—Considered a Genius.

Paris.—Briand is forty-six years old. He is prime minister and master of the French republic. He was nobody, not even congressman, ten years ago.

Also, he is a genius, in the sense of a Pitt, Jefferson or Robespierre; and geniuses are rare. However they differ, they have an instinct for greatness. Briand will be French president if he wishes. I say "if he wishes," because he is not only a genius, but a strange one.

At thirty-five he was an outsider and, worse, seemingly a failure, even as a lawyer. Suddenly he willed; and all came easy to him.

Only genius could have led the easy-loving, hail-fellow cafe charmer, half cases, in ten years to dizzy power as the great man of France. The public is still astounted. Perhaps Briand remains a trifle surprised.

And perhaps not. He remains a bundle of contradictions. France wonders at his erudition. As cabinet minister, successively, of public instruction, beaux-arts, cultes, justice and interior, he appeared a laborious specialist of each. In the separation he held the record of all time for brilliant readiness in the tribune, master of a thousand technicalities. Yet no one has ever seen him open a book or take a note.

He still loves his ease in his cafe. You cannot be with him five minutes without feeling the amusing, easy-going companion, bubbling with the joy of life; yet back of it, even his old cronies feel a negligent force that

Briand, Master of France.

scares them. No one can be more familiar than Briand; but no one gets familiar with him, nowadays, without invitation.

Born in the dull Breton port of St. Nazaire, he conquered a degree of law. Would he have been content to plead party-wall cases, marry an $8,000 dot, play the violin, sing admirably, beat them all at billiards, and talk politics at the Cafe du Commerce?

When does he prepare those speeches that charm, equally, in cold print? They are all impromptu. When he lets himself go everyone listens. Every listener feels the presence of a mighty intellect, perhaps, a great heart. Yet every foreigner, at first, wonders how he came to be prime minister. He is so negligently gay, almost bohemian. And yet—and yet, with all those easy ways, one feels a gossamer web between himself and the strange, worn young man.

What will he do? Nobody knows. What does he do? He steps through cruel difficulties without effort, nonchalant, cigarette on lip, the young prime minister. Other prime ministers, gray-headed or bald, grow up, slowly, to the perilous position. Briand has stepped into it almost a tenderfoot. He never steps into a trap.

GUM CHEWING IN AMERICA

Omnipresent Habit Strikes Visitors From Abroad as One of the Country's Wonders.

Washington.—Twenty-nine students and three professors of the University of Commerce, in Cologne, now in this country, find the gum chewing habit looming large among the wonders of America. This ought to cause no surprise to Americans as all are familiar with the omnipresent nickel-in-the-slot gum machine, the inexhaustible sticks of chewing gum in jars and piles on candy store and drug store counters, and the jaws almost unanimously in activity in subway jams, trolley car crushes and crowds at large.

Baseball players chew gum to keep off thirst, children and matinee girls chew it because it tastes sweet, many persons chew in the belief that they are aiding their digestion, but most people chew because they have got the habit. Probably a final analysis would reveal an intimate connection between nerves and habitual gum chewing.

There have been attempts to establish gum in Europe. The results are as yet inconsiderable. However, the demand right here in the United States calls for the manufacture of 3,000,000,000 pieces of gum per year and gives prosperity to a very healthy eleven-year-old trust. If one doctor says gum chewing is harmless, another declares that it overworks the salivary glands. But to the stranger within our gates the wonder of the busy jaws remains.

The "Toothbrush Plant."

One of the most curious plants in the world is what is called the toothbrush plant of Jamaica. It is a species of creeper, and has nothing striking about its appearance. By cutting pieces of it to a suitable length and fraying the ends, the natives convert it into a tooth-brush; and a tooth powder to accompany the use of the brush is also prepared by pulverizing the dried stems.